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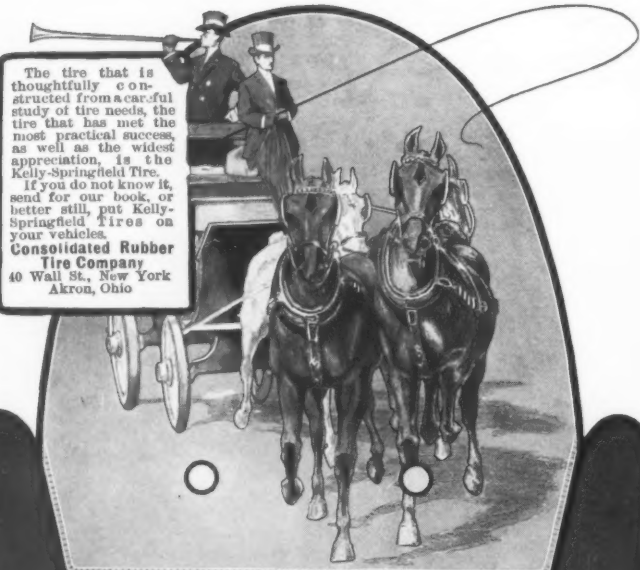
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Marcus Is Left Alone With the Tree-Agent.

I.

THE tree-agent wore a long gray beard. He had gentle, deprecating eyes and a voice of honey. Constantia never left Marcus alone with him. It was sometimes inconvenient for her to be present at the exercises. But whatever occupation engaged her when the tree-agent was announced, she forsook it and hastened to the study. The conferences were held in the study.

When she appeared in the doorway, with Annabel in her arms, a momentary gloom came over the tree-agent's face. He drove it conscientiously away, chirruped engagingly to Annabel, and unstrapped a fresh box of colored plates.

"Now, this is an entirely new variety. It has abundance of foliage, beginning to put forth early in April and continuing to late December. The blossom"—he laid four straight fingers instructively on the gorgeous plate—"the blossom is remarkable for its profusion and its size. Large—yellow—full-flowered." Each word was a liquid drop.

Marcus gazed at the plate, a pleased look in his eyes. So did Annabel.

"How high does it grow?" inquired Constantia, with gentle craft.

The tree-agent stole a look at Marcus. He was absorbed in the picture.

"In height, it varie," he spoke soothingly. "If you wish a high growth, they

will reach five, six, even seven feet." The hand holding the plate ascended gracefully a foot at a time.

Marcus's eyes followed it trustfully.

"On the other hand," the plate descended to his knee, "if you wish a lower growth, they can be kept down by trimming. The foliage then becomes luxuriant, and forms a mass of green, rich and attractive to the eye." His hands closed in carefully upon the clipping of a low hedge and expanded in a rich growth of green.

Annabel, who had hitched across the floor, laid cooling hands on the plate. It was rescued hurriedly by Constantia, and Annabel was brought back to the safety of the chimney-seat.

Marcus's eyes were fixed dreamily on the window. "We had been thinking of something for the veranda," he said slowly.

The tree-agent's countenance shifted quickly from hedge-plants to climbers. The yellow plate was thrust carelessly into its box and a new set produced. He selected one, a look of affection lighting up his gentle eyes as they lingered on it.

"Now, in climbers there is nothing finer than this little *desiocalcium*—the leaves, pointed and spikelike, forming a screen or canopy,—the stem graceful but of great strength, throwing out tentacles for support—"

"It blossoms, I suppose," suggested Constantia.

The tree-agent paused a forbearing second.

"—The blossom is a delicate scarlet, with a rim of yellow, small, but profuse, and very attractive to the eye. The odor is remarkably delicate and penetrating—"

"We had thought that we should like Something without blossoms," said Constantia.

"I have never seen anything like this," interposed Marcus quickly. His hand reached out for the plate.

"The Shipmans have it on their side veranda. Don't you remember?" interpolated Constantia.

"Oh,—That!" His hand dropped.

The agent slid hopefully into the pause. "Of nonblossoming climbers this is a most beautiful variety." He produced a gorgeous solid-green plate. "In this climber you have—"

His voice meandered softly on. Marcus listened politely. As a poet, he was entranced by the flow of language. It exercised a soothing influence on his imagination. As a property owner, he was inclined to belief in the pictures it spread before his mind's eye.

This was a dangerous moment. It was recognized as dangerous by Constantia. But experience had taught her that her presence was sufficient protection. She had only to wait till the critical moment when Marcus—no longer a responsible being—should begin to gather himself together. Then with a swift turn of common sense, she would pierce the shining bubble, gather up the scattered plates, assist the agent to his

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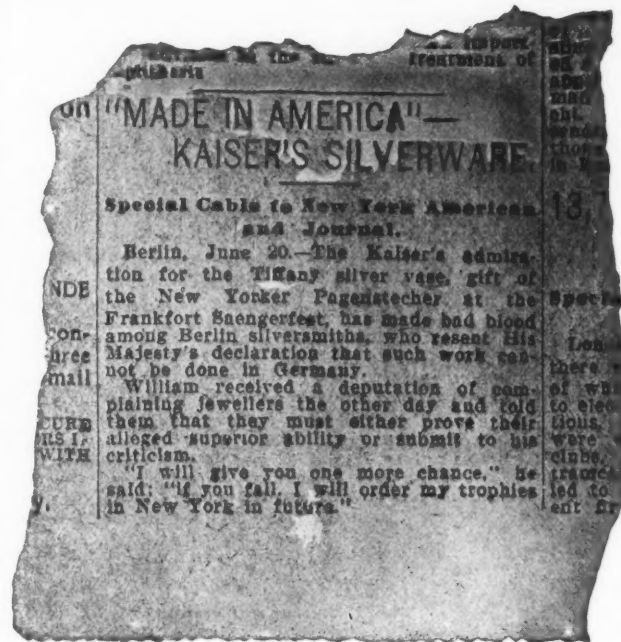
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feet and escort him politely from the room. Four times this scene had been enacted.

The tree-agent had grown wary.

Constantia—serene in a sense of power—listened absently to the flow of sound. She planned a new carriage robe for Annabel. It should be dark red—wine red—with the merest line of—

Annabel, left to her own devices, slipped cautiously down from the chimney-seat. She bumped a little in descending. But no one gave heed to her movements and she hitched away toward the dining-room door. No one observed her—unless, perhaps, it might be the tree-agent.

He was becoming, with each breath, more persuasive, more hypnotic and tuneful. His hands moved like gentle fans. Marcus's eyes dilated. He sat upright in his chair. Constantia saw that the moment had come. She opened her lips—

A sound of crashing glass from the dining-room closed them. She gave a glance at Annabel's empty place and fled.

When she had swept up the fragments of Venetian glass, bound up Annabel's fingers and comforted her disturbed feelings, she returned to the study. Marcus was pacing up and down the room—his eyes aglow and his countenance exalted.

By degrees she got at the facts. She rose to them.

"You'll have to write to the dealers," she said firmly.

Marcus gazed at her helplessly.

"Tell them that you have reconsidered the matter."

He nodded. "Yes, I have."

"And that you want the delivery delayed."

"Yes."

"And that perhaps you'll have something else instead of a rose-hedge, anyway—cab-bages, for instance."

He looked at her reproachfully.

She ignored it. Her spirit expanded.

"You might say in a postscript that you were not a free agent at the time you signed the order—that a bald-headed, oily-tongued, saponaceous old hypocrite mesmerized you, or hypnotized you, or chloroformed you—or anything!"

"It wouldn't be so far from the truth," said Marcus meekly.

She nodded. "I know!—Hadh't you better sit down and write the letter now before you forget what you want to say?"

Marcus sat down and wrote it.

II.

The reply came promptly. Marcus opened it at the breakfast table.

"What do they say?" asked Constantia.

Marcus laid it thoughtfully on the table and looked at it.

"What is it?" repeated Constantia.

"They'll let us off," he said slowly.

"Yes?"

"But there's a little something to pay."

"What for?"

"It seems to be the agent's commission."

"Oh!"

There was a silence.

Constantia finished it with a sigh. "Well—How much is it?"

"I'm afraid you'll think it's a good deal—"

"Very likely I shall—when you tell me."

"It's twenty dollars."

Her cup descended swiftly. When her voice came to her she commented freely on the agent.

Marcus heard it meekly. "Perhaps we'd better take the hedge and pay the whole thing," he suggested when she had done.

"I wouldn't have a hedge like that—not if they'd pay me to have it. I should be in a state of mind every time I looked at it!"

"We won't have it," said Marcus hastily.

"No. We'll pay twenty dollars not to have it," she responded.

She sighed wistfully. "Twenty dollars would buy Annabel a dozen—"

He looked at her pleadingly. "Suppose we don't talk about it any more, Constantia. I have to finish my poem on the 'Birth of Chaos' this morning. I don't like to have my atmosphere disturbed."

"No, dear," said Constantia meekly.

Marcus retired to the study, humming softly. There was a radiant look in his eyes and poesy was aflight in his countenance.

Constantia looked thoughtfully into the bottom of her cup. Something splashed and fell. It was round and clear and shining. The brown drops closed quickly over it.

Jennette Lee.



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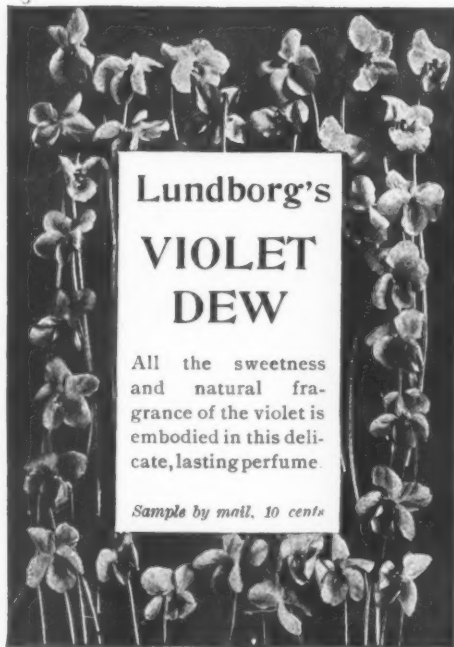
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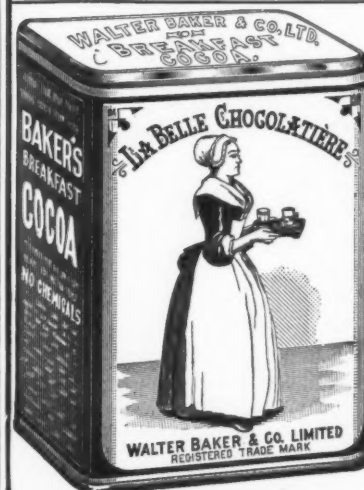
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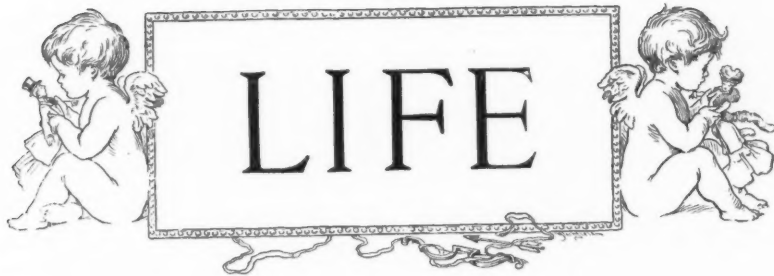
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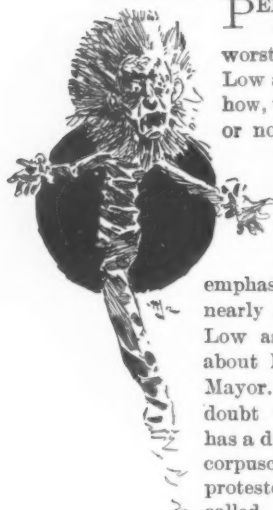
VOL. XLIII. OCT. 1, 1903. No. 1092.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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PERHAPS it was as well to have the worst said about Mayor Low at the start. Anyhow, whether it was best or not, Mr. Jerome said it. He thought the Mayor lacked personal charm. He admitted regretfully, but with emphasis, that he was not nearly so crazy about Dr. Low as he wanted to be about his candidate for Mayor. He suggested doubt whether Dr. Low has a due proportion of red corpuscles in his blood, and protested that the situation called for a leader who could lead, and that Dr. Low had no leadership in him. Now it is perfectly true that the Mayor is no mesmerist. Dr. Dowie, who is coming here next week from Chicago to convert our town, is a better hypnotizer in a minute than Dr. Low is in half a day. Dowie has leadership, red corpuscles, galvanism—all the qualities which Mr. Jerome finds wanting in Dr. Low, and the fatal gift of beauty besides. If Dowie looks like his best portraits, he is prettier than Dr. Low, though Dr. Low must be sufficiently handsome, for Mr. Jerome did not disparage his looks.

But do we want a Dowie for Mayor? Think how he would run! Think of the whirlwind campaign he would make, and how he would talk to the voters! Would we even want a Jerome for Mayor this year? Mr.

Jerome has all the qualities that Dr. Low is said to lack—charm, sporting blood, red corpuscles, audacity, and a winning indiscretion that made him the hero of the campaign two years ago. But we don't want a Dowie for Mayor, and it is far from certain that we would want a Jerome, for we don't know what sort of a Mayor Mr. Jerome would make.



WE do know what sort of a Mayor Dr. Low will make. We have had him for Mayor for two years past, and we want him for two years more, if we can elect him. Not because he fires our imaginations and disturbs our judgment by his personal fascinations, but because he has been an excellent Mayor, and the head of the best government the City of New York has had in the memory of man.

It is rather a humdrum job to be Mayor. Letting off fireworks on the steps of the City Hall is only an incident—a rare incident—of the business. Most of the time, being Mayor is hard and rather disagreeable work. Mayor Low is an able, upright man, and is a good worker. At this writing he has not yet been renominated, but there is every prospect that he will be, for the reason that he is believed to be the strongest anti-Tammany candidate that can be put up. Can we elect him? Mr. Jerome says we can't. Other observers as well qualified as he to judge say we can. We must elect him. Intelligent self-interest coerces and constrains us to reelect him. The objections to him are fanciful. The considerations favorable to him, and to what he stands for, are in the last degree substantial and important.



THE President is criticised for accepting valuable favors from railroads. That is, when he travels, he has a special train, which the road he travels on furnishes without charge. We believe former Presidents have

followed the same course, though it is said Mr. Cleveland used to pay a single fare for himself. The objection to letting Presidents travel free does not seem to be well founded. They incur no improper obligations to the railroads, for the railroads find advertisement and other direct profits in hauling them, and are eager to do it for mere business reasons. A President, for obvious reasons, cannot use the public conveyances, and he cannot afford to pay for the special accommodations which his position makes indispensable. He must either travel free, or stay at home. Which would you have him do, gentlemen critics of the press? Shall the President stay at home for reasons of economy? No, that is not expedient. The people of the country would not like it, and ought not to like it. Well, then, you are barking up the wrong tree when you carp about his accepting favors from railroads. If you don't like the present system, demand that Congress make an annual appropriation for the President's traveling expenses. That is the alternative, and the only reasonable one, to the present system.

CHICAGO has been celebrating her centennial. Would you believe it? Did you suppose Chicago was a hundred years old? She isn't; not nearly. The city was laid out in 1830. What she has just been celebrating is the building of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1803. She will have another centennial in about twenty-five years.

But Chicago, though young, is a very remarkable place, which prospers excessively, notwithstanding that almost everybody who works there is almost always on a strike. The idea, so prevalent in the organized labor circles all over the country, that the way to rise in life is to lift yourself up by the bootstraps, is being more thoroughly worked out in Chicago than anywhere else. There is no American city, not even New York, where the permission of unauthorized persons is a necessary preliminary to the performance of so many lawful actions, as in Chicago. Here's to her! May she grow, not only in wealth and size, but in freedom.



UNKIND

The Fox: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT WHEN DID THEY GET YOUR BRUSH?



Love.

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Irresistible.
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Your friend
catches it.
He talks.
You think him an
ass.
He is.
You catch it.
You talk.
Your friends have like
opinions.
They are right.
Your friend recovers.

You recover.
Everybody does.
It is a nightmare,
A hideous nightmare.
Don't dream.

W F. F.

A Misplaced Admonition.

A BEAUTIFUL young girl, about to enter a complexion parlor, was accosted by a haggard woman who sold shoe-strings upon the street corner, and who urged her to pause a moment and listen to the remarkable story of her life. The girl, who was as kind as she was fair and, because a woman, curious, consented; and the sobbing creature poured forth her story.

"Just one bright year ago," she began, "I was an heiress in my own right and as young and beautiful as yourself. As usual, I had spent the summer by the sea and in the mountains and had laid in a store of splendid, ruddy health. On returning to town, I happened, in an evil moment, to chance upon the woman's page of a Sunday newspaper, and what I read therein has proved my undoing. I learned that the sun and the wind and the sea that I had loved so well were but malign destroyers of my beauty; that the sun painted me an unlovely brown; that the wind blew too

much sparkle into my eyes and too much red into my cheeks, and that the sea robbed my hair of its lustre. I further learned that the only way to restore my loveliness was to go in search of the beauty doctors.

"I did so, and they sighed as they looked at me; for you must know that the real artist ever compares Nature unfavorably to the work of his hands; but after studying my case, they told me that to restore and, in a measure, re-create my beauty, would take time, systematic treatment and much money."

At this, the wretched woman fell to sobbing afresh. "Alas! Alas! It has!" she cried. "But being a woman and in the pursuit of beauty, nothing could daunt me, and I gave them *carte blanche*. Within six months," her voice sinking to a hollow whisper, "I was bankrupt, penniless, my last bit of property gone, and, in place of my once radiant beauty, you see these terrible ravages,—necrosis of the bone of the nose from having paraffine injected to build up a

dent, one eye blinded by the use of the dye for my hair, these wrinkles and disfiguring blotches upon my face, which came from the use of lotions, creams and pastes. Ah, child! Be warned by me and my sad fate. Heed me ere it is too late."

"Alas, madam!" replied the kind-hearted maiden, while the great tears stole down her cheeks, "none can better understand your case than I. I am an assistant in that studio you see before you and serve as an advertisement of those very wares which you claim have wrought such havoc with your beauty."

"Then," exclaimed the hag, starting back, a look of affright upon her face, "you are not flesh and blood, but a wax figure, with a phonograph inside you."

"Pardon me," returned the fair girl haughtily, "I am quite real. It is true that I advertise the wares you dread, but it is also a fact that I am forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to use them."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

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A Debauch at Life's Farm.

ABOUT two hundred little colored children had a high old time at LIFE's Farm recently. We will stand aside and give the *Ridgefield Press* the floor:

A collection was taken up to defray the cost of watermelons for the children, and nearly twelve dollars was raised. Tuesday the children had their treat. Twenty melons were bought, a light wagon was borrowed, the melons and other edibles placed therein, together with the children too small to walk, and the whole crowd, caretakers and all, went off for a picnic. They went to Georgetown first, where they called on that venerable philanthropist, Hon. Edwin Gilbert, and serenaded him. They played drum solos, sang for him and cheered him, which so pleased him that he made a short speech to the children. Then he gave them permission to use his wood-lot for their picnic, and they went up to it.

The watermelons were cut and served, sandwiches and cake were given out, and all the afternoon the children enjoyed themselves as they rarely have the opportunity to do. At 5:30 they reached LIFE's Farm again, tired, but thoroughly happy. It was a happy inspiration of Supt. and Mrs. Mohr, and the youngsters, who leave for home on Friday, hope to come again next summer.

Thirteen weeks of the summer have brought pleasure to nearly three thousand young ones, and the good work will go on again next year and the year after and we hope for years to come.



UNDER the title of *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, we have a volume of considerable interest. The book includes Miss Keller's autobiographical sketch, a selection from her letters from 1887 to 1901, and the letters and reports of her teacher, Miss Sullivan, from 1887 to 1894. The book's chief value lies in the latter division, while the two former are in the nature of interesting commentaries. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Mr. Arthur Stringer's first story of standard novel size, *The Silver Poppy*, shows decided originality of plot and a strong grasp of the unlovely side of human nature. It deals with the outer rim of literary circles in New York, and is marked by passages of brilliant description and marred by a tendency to sensationalism suggestive of the

yellow journal. The author is worth watching. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

L. B. Walford's *Stay at Homes*, the history of a love affair in a Somersetshire family of good blood and narrow outlook, belongs to the fiction of the third quarter of the last century, personally addressed to the "dear reader," and with nice little sentiments, like moral antimacassars pinned to all the incidents. It is an excellent specimen of its very respectable class. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50.)

Mr. Edwyn Sandys, sportsman and author, has written a book for boys which should prove a companion, guide and source of infinite delight to any boy with even occasional access to woods, field and stream. It is called *Trapper Jim*, and it embodies in a simple story the rudiments of woodcraft and of sport and sportmanship. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Boy; How to Help Him Succeed is the title of what the author and compiler, Nathaniel C. Foster, Jr., calls "a sym-



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THE DEPARTMENT FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER HAD REAL TROUBLE THEMSELVES, BUT HAVE A WAY OF TELLING OTHERS WHO ARE AFFLICTED THAT THEY "OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL IT ISN'T WORSE."

A CLOSE CALL.



posium of successful experience." Among other things Mr. Foster publishes the answers of "three hundred and nineteen men of marked accomplishment" to a set of twenty-five questions, and the answers form a symposium of contradictions which should delight any boy with a sense of humor. (Oakwood Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.25.)

The latest of Macmillan's little coat pocket novels is a "fantastic tale" of Mediæval Germany, by William Stearns Davis, called *The Saint of the Dragon's Dale*. Mr. Davis tells with considerable grace and feeling the somewhat conventional story of this ex-Crusader turned hermit. (The Macmillan Company. 50c.)

There is very little story to *The Color of His Soul*, by Zoe Anderson Norris, but what there is serves to link together a series of informal and decidedly lifelike sketches of some phases of the shabby side of New York life. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wood Folk at School. By William J. Long. (Ginn and Company.)
Everyman. (Fox, Hufield and Company. \$1.00.)
Mors et Victoria. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.20.)
Perverted Proverbs. By Colonel D. Streamer. (R. H. Russell.)
Discourses on War. By William Ellery Channing. (Ginn and Company.)
Bridge Up to Date. By Charles Stuart Street. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.)
Don Juan. 17th and 18th Cantos. (London: Arliss Andrews, Limited.)
Jeffersonian Democracy. By John R. Dunlap. (The Jeffersonian Society.)



AN INFANT PRODIGY.

"HIS HAIROVITCH ALWAYS SHOWN A TALENT FOR MUSIC?"
 "YES; EVEN AS A CHILD HE CRIED EVERY TIME HIS HAIR WAS CUT."





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The Four Seasons.

THE MEETING.

WINTER, and the wizard weather
Laid upon the world a spell,
When Time brought us first together;
And Love whispered, *It is well.*
Princess you, and, as a prince, I
Met you smiling, sweet and fair;
Joy has been my portion since I
Found you there.

Winter, and the white snow sifted
From the sombre skies above,
Yet, with flaming torch uplifted,
Came to us the god of Love;
Of the storm and bluster heedless
Cupid traveled, fond and fain,
And he found us, it is needless
To explain.

Winter, and the world about us
Was a miracle in white,
But it got along without us
For an hour or so that night;
I forgot the bitter season
In the sweetness, fresh and new;
Sweetheart, would you know the reason?
It was you!

Felix Carmen.



ALL the best people were at the wedding, last Tuesday, of Mr. Reggie Stile to Miss Flossie Rayment. The bride, as everybody knows, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Royal Rayment. The Raymentes have always been fashionable.

The wedding gifts were superb. Mr. and Mrs. Merger Hogg gave a life-size bust of Midas in solid gold; Mr. and Mrs. John Bullion gave a miniature ash barrel filled with real emeralds; Mr. and Mrs. Billy Muchinprint gave a pair of rubber boots, with a monogram in diamonds on each leg.

One of the handsomest gifts was a pair of solid gold scissors, set with large pearls and rubies. The scissors

are for cutting from "society" columns paragraphs relating to one's self.

The bride's uncle, H. Van Damm Expense, sent a cheque for four million dollars. The society reporters were allowed to kiss this cheque after the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Overload are visiting the Bonds at Trust Hollow. Mrs. Jimmy Overload, as everybody knows—that is, of course, everybody who is anybody—was one of the Boston Poorleigh Breds.



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THE COURTSHIP.

SPRING was made for lovers;
Then it is the heart
Suddenly discovers,
With a happy start,
Something in its beat that
Never was before,
Seeming to repeat that
Love is at the door.

Spring was made for blisses;
Then it is the vine
Shows its fragrant kisses,—
None so sweet as mine
Gathered from the lips that
Shame the rose and more,
Whence the secret slips, that
Love is at the door.

Spring was made for plighting
Lovers' troths and vows,
When the buds are lighting
In the garden boughs;
Then it was I heard that
Message, sweet, of yore,—
From your lips the word that
Love is at the door.

Felix Carmén.

Cipher.

THE Beirut affair clearly illustrates the importance of cipher in diplomacy.

Had not the dispatches been in cipher, they would not have been misunderstood.

This would have entailed the loss:

1. To the cable companies and the people who coal our warships abroad, of business;

2. To the missionaries, of one chance to make trouble;

3. To us, of one thrill of patriotic pride;

4. To the Administration, of one firm attitude.

In short, a loss at the very lowest calculation incalculable.

An Axiom to Fit.

THE writer of aphorisms is tugging at his beard and glowering savagely at his manuscript.

"What's the matter?" asks the sympathizing friend.

"I've been studying for two hours

on an aphorism that might be applied to a comic opera."

"And you can't think of anything?" asks the friend.

"No. First I tried to work in something about 'facts and figures,' but did not seem able to make anything of it."

"Tell you a better one," smiles the friend, with the air of a man who can think these things offhand at any time.

"Go ahead."

"Comic Opera—Man composes and woman exposes."



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THE BETROTHAL.

SUMMER once again, my Love,
With the rose has crowned you,
And the watchful stars above
See my arm around you:
How they sparkle! How they smile!
How they gleam and glisten!
Dare you give an answer while
These bright gossips listen?

Summer, and the little god
Still knows where to find us,
Here where fragrant roses nod
He has come to bind us;
Patient rascal! Doubtless he
Thinks us slow and stupid:
Dare you give your heart to me
In the sight of Cupid?

Summer,—sweetness of the year,—
Song and fragrance blended!
Time has brought us so far, Dear,
Let the play be ended.
Speak—my heart is beating fast;
Speak the word I long for,
So that love may win at last
What I make my song for.
*Then I heard her lips confess
All of summer in her "Yes." Felix Carmen.*

A Wedding au Naturel.



HERE was a wedding yesterday in Graceless Church.

Lord Baldknob, of Kiltshire, England, married Miss Sallie Panhandle, of East Pittsburg.

The bridal party, including the attorneys for both sides, formed in the alcove promptly at 11:30.

At 11:45 the real estate in the bride's name was transferred to his lordship.

At 11:50 a million dollars in legal tender changed hands.

At high noon all the railroad first mortgage bonds known to be the bride's possession were handed over.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his lordship for leaving the bride's father enough to live on comfortably until the next rise in Wall Street, which is predicted for next Spring.

At 12:15 two bishops, four clergymen, two real estate lawyers and a barrister, representing the plaintiff, pronounced the benediction.

The groom will pass the next three weeks with his bride at his estates in

England, after the roof has been repaired.

After this, it is understood, they will separate and enter society.

East and West.

MRS. ENWYE: Frankly, I confess I am surprised. In New York, of course, we never allow people to be introduced to us unless we know them.

MRS. SHIK: Is that so? Why, out West here we treat people like old friends until we get to know them.



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WEDDED.

AUTUMN, and the tale is told
That has gladdened ages:
We have found our leaf of gold
In the shining pages
Whereon Time has deftly set
All the secrets tender
Spoken since when first we met,
Down to love's surrender.

Autumn! How the seasons fly!
Do you still remember
How you came to me as my
Rosebud in December?
Princess Rose, you were that night:
Thus it was I named you
When, a vision of delight,
In my heart love claimed you.

Autumn,—twilight of the year!
Winter, soon returning,
Shall behold us still, my dear,
With the love-torch burning:—
Smiling princess, happy prince,
And young Cupid, clever;—
Life? I know what life is, since
You are mine forever!

Felix Carmen.

A Survival.

SUCH is the perversity of human nature that small nations there are who decline to be involved in difficulties with great Christian powers, no matter how many missionaries are sent among them.

But it is not in the purpose of the fit to give over surviving, let the obstacles be whatsoever.

Thus the Right of International Eminent Domain comes into being, and the earth, and the fullness thereof, is the Lord's peoples'.

Scripture.

MR. D. B. HILL'S discovery that there is no justification in Scripture for trusts will, of course, give our moneyed men pause.

Mr. Hill is, perhaps, the foremost Biblical scholar in American politics to-day. It is impossible to esteem lightly whatsoever he may say *de fide et moribus*.

As for our civilization, it will recover.

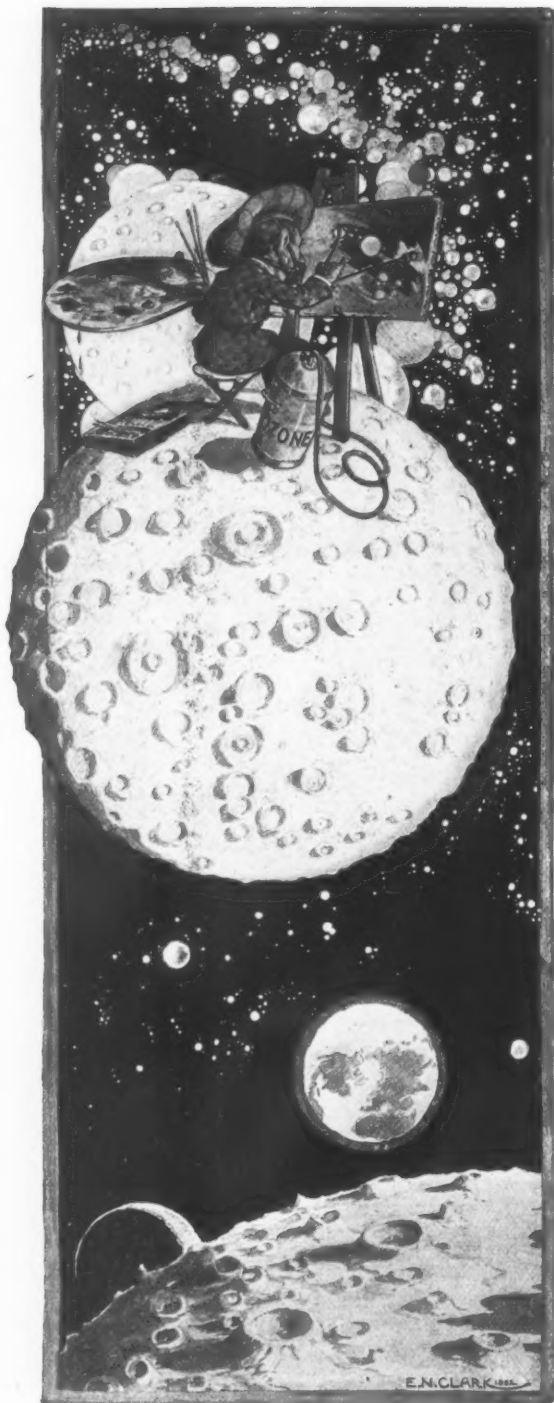
For while it has rested quite fundamentally upon the belief that nothing

is unscriptural except strikes and walking delegates, it will, nevertheless, accommodate itself to the narrower basis indicated by authoritative interpretation of Revelation.

DASHAWAY: A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth, and so forth.

CLEVERTON: And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."



HIGH ART.

The Artist: I SUPPOSE THE CRITICS WILL SAY THAT THIS LACKS ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT.

In Atlantis.



THE HADDOCKS were a respectable old couple, little given to following the eddies of the social whirlpool. It was only eight bells, but the evening meal was already over.

"Do have some more of this jelly-fish, Finnan, dear," Mrs. Haddock had urged, but her husband had already lighted a long Captain Kidd Perfecto of fragrant Havana seaweed and, settling himself by the driftwood fire, prepared for a quiet evening at home.

"What a beautiful day it has been—not a ship in the sky!" said Mrs. Haddock. "And the children have had *such* a good time! Halibert chased a cablegram ten knots this afternoon, and Piscus has been exercising the horses."

"The blues or the greens?" asked Finnan, looking over his copy of the *Submarine Intelligence*. "The blues, dear," replied Mrs. H., "for Leviathan says the off green's fore-fin is still a little tender."

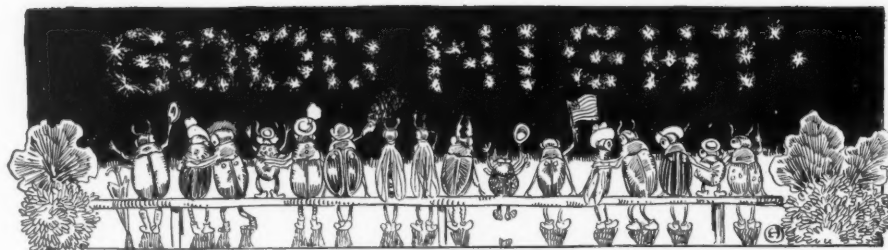
"Humph!" snorted Mr. Haddock, "if the fool had taken the Gulf Stream instead of going around by Sunken Wreck, he'd have saved all this bother. There are those two sea-horses eating their heads off—and that great stupid hulk of a Levi draw-



"D'YE KNOW, HOOLIGAN, YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL WID A MUSTACHE."

"YIS; I'M GOIN' TO SHAVE IT OFF."

"LAVE IT ON; YEZ'LL LOOK WORSE WIDOUT IT."



THE END OF THE SEASON IN BUGVILLE.
GRAND FINALE BY THE FIRE FLIES.

ing his pay as usual—as if money were as free as the water we breathe!”

“But, dear” interposed his wife, and then subsided into a mumble as she saw the light of battle in her husband’s eye. “What is the news?” she asked meekly, after the threatened storm had subsided. Finnan pursed up his lips and ran his eye down the Social Column.

“Well, well, well!” he ejaculated. “Old Miss Boneyfish is engaged at last!”

“Who to?” gasped his spouse, too astonished to consider the laws of grammar.

“To young Tom Cod,” replied her husband, ignoring the slip. “He’s the one who used to be so attentive to that little Miss Minnow, who afterward married Squid, the editor of the *Evening Tidal Wave*. Old Cod is cashier of the Bank of Newfoundland and Tom will succeed him soon, for the old chap’s liver is in very bad condition. Well, he’s not such a bad catch, after all! And to think he’s been hooked by an old person like Finny Boneyfish! Why, I remember when she came out twenty tides ago—at the Fish Ball!” Mr. Haddock sank into a peaceful reverie of the past, until he sneezed violently twice.

“Do move out of that current, Finnan!” said his wife, “you’ll catch your death! And go on with the news, dear.”

Finnan complied, after turning up the phosphorescence lamp.

“Here’s another item! The duel between Monsieur Picquerelle and Señor Swordfish was fought at flood tide on Friday.”

“On Friday!” shuddered Mrs. H. “How very unlucky!”

“The spot chosen for the conflict was a secluded corner of the Coral Grove in the Piscatorial Gardens. The seconds were Messrs. Cuttle and Scorpion of the First Light Finfantry. After three rounds of brilliant sword play, Monsieur Picquerelle inflicted a slight wound on Señor Swordfish—between the seventh and eighth scales, which Doctor Sturgeon, the Fishician in attendance, deemed sufficiently grave to terminate the conflict.”

“It ought not to be allowed,” said Mrs. Haddock, indignantly. “Think of the example it gives the young! Why, only the other tide Halibert wanted to fight one of his schoolmates who had called him a lobster. You must speak to him, Finnan.”

Mr. Haddock beamed indulgently over his paper, grinned, and then, suppressing a yawn, said:

“We’ll think about it over night.”

Call in the catfish, my dear. The bell-buoy is striking eleven.”

The old fellow looked out into the cool night water, up through the swaying branches of the coral trees where the flying-fish were roosting peacefully, to the myriads of twinkling starfish beyond, . . . then, blowing out the phosphorus, he waggled off to the oyster-bed.

Jinks.

The New Way.

“THE Koran, tribute, or the sword!” cried the Moslem, with a terrible look.

The dog of an infidel knit his brows perplexedly.

“It is difficult to choose among alternatives equally attractive,” quoth he, after a moment’s thought. “Suppose we leave it to The Hague Tribunal?”

The pious Mussulman grumbled some, but he had not the face to decline the suggestion, knowing, as he well did, that the papers would be full of the affair next day.

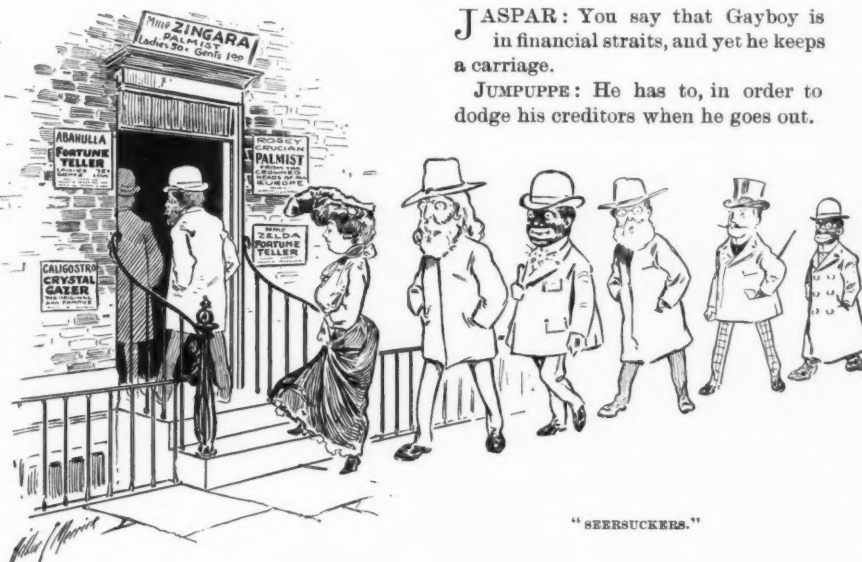
How Influence Influences.

MORTIMER: It gives a man a cheap feeling to have to economize.

MARMADUKE: Yes; if he is a cheap man.

JASPAR: You say that Gayboy is in financial straits, and yet he keeps a carriage.

JUMPUPPE: He has to, in order to dodge his creditors when he goes out.



“SEERSUCKERS.”



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STUDIES IN EXPRES
THE CHORUS GIRL VISITS I

LIE.



IES IN EXPRESSION.
US GIRL VISITS HER HOME.



Out of the Past and From Abroad.



ADELAIDE
MANOLA.

HAVE you ever experienced the feeling of being carried back to a scene or period of the past, perhaps by dropping into a book read long ago or in re-perusing a packet of letters long laid by? That is, you are almost carried back, but there is something, after all, which puts you more in the attitude and mood of some one looking and feeling from another world. So it will be, if you go to see Mr. Edward Harrigan in "Under Cover." It is the Harrigan show of old, and yet—and yet—what is missing? Of course there is something here which was not there before, the years which have gone over all our heads since those times when it was a regular bright point in the enjoyments of the year to drop into Harrigan's to hear "The Mulligan Guards," or to witness and share in "Cordelia's Aspirations." Perhaps, too, we have since seen so many vulgarizations of the Harrigan themes that the originals have lost their strength of appeal. It is not entirely the lapse of time or what we've seen meanwhile that makes the difference. Mr. Harrigan has brought together many of his old company, but death has placed some of them beyond reach. The play, too, seems to lack something of the old spontaneous swing, although it deals with the same types of New York's lower society. Of course there is Mr. Harrigan himself, the same de-

liberate, shrewd, prosperous New York Irishman of yore, with his intimate knowledge of his neighbors' affairs and his streak of generosity for those in trouble. Also Mrs. Yeamans, as sprightly and laughter-making as ever. And Messrs. Collyer, Fischer and Sparks of the old lot; among the new material, sons and daughters of some who have gone. Of the new ones, Jennie Yeamans shows herself an actress of considerable power, and Adelaide Manola, a daughter of Marion Manola, helps in the beauty end of the entertainment.

Old admirers of the Harrigan school will be glad to have their youth recalled by seeing "Under Cover." The new generation will not be bored by it.



BY what standard judge "Ulysses"? So rarely do we get anything of the sort, that it is difficult to find a standard of comparison. If we judge it by "The Rogers Brothers," we must pronounce it a failure, because New York audiences will not find in it two vulgar comedians spluttering silly jokes at each other. Nor will it please New York audiences, because it is not musical comedy, with ranks of chorus girls and "show ladies" drawn from the useful pursuits of chambermaiding and calling "Cash!" It is to be feared that "Ulysses" is above the heads and beyond the understanding of Tenderloin audiences, whose intellects have been fattened on such diet as the Theatrical Syndicate provides for them.

LIFE readers will find "Ulysses" quite worth seeing. It consists of Stephen Phillips's metrical rendering of part of the Homeric tale extremely well done in scenery and costumes, and not badly acted. The delivery of the lines, though, is at most times so faulty that it is difficult to judge of their literary value. Especially is this true of Mr. Tyrone Power, the *Ulysses* of the piece. Mr. Power is a young man of good looks and carriage—too good-looking and well-kept, perhaps, for a *Ulysses* worn and grizzled by years of journeying and hardship—but his delivery of the lines is on a dead level of rather harsh monotony, containing neither light nor shade. If the lines allotted to him contain any subtle meanings, they are utterly lost. Rose Coghlan brings more of maturity and also more of art to the character of *Penelope*, whom Mr. Phillips makes a colorless character, for which fact he is to be forgiven, perhaps, as the embodiment of the womanly domestic virtues is not likely to be a startling individual. A very excellent bit of acting is Mr. Fuller Mellish's *Eumæus*, the swineherd. Considering how few opportunities the American actor and actress have at appearing in legitimate parts, the acting is far from contemptible. The settings, costumes and effects were designed for His Majesty's Theatre in London, and are a delight to the eye.

The Tenderloin is not likely to patronize "Ulysses." The Theatrical Syndicate will again triumphantly reiterate that Americans care for nothing on the stage but Tenderloin drivel.

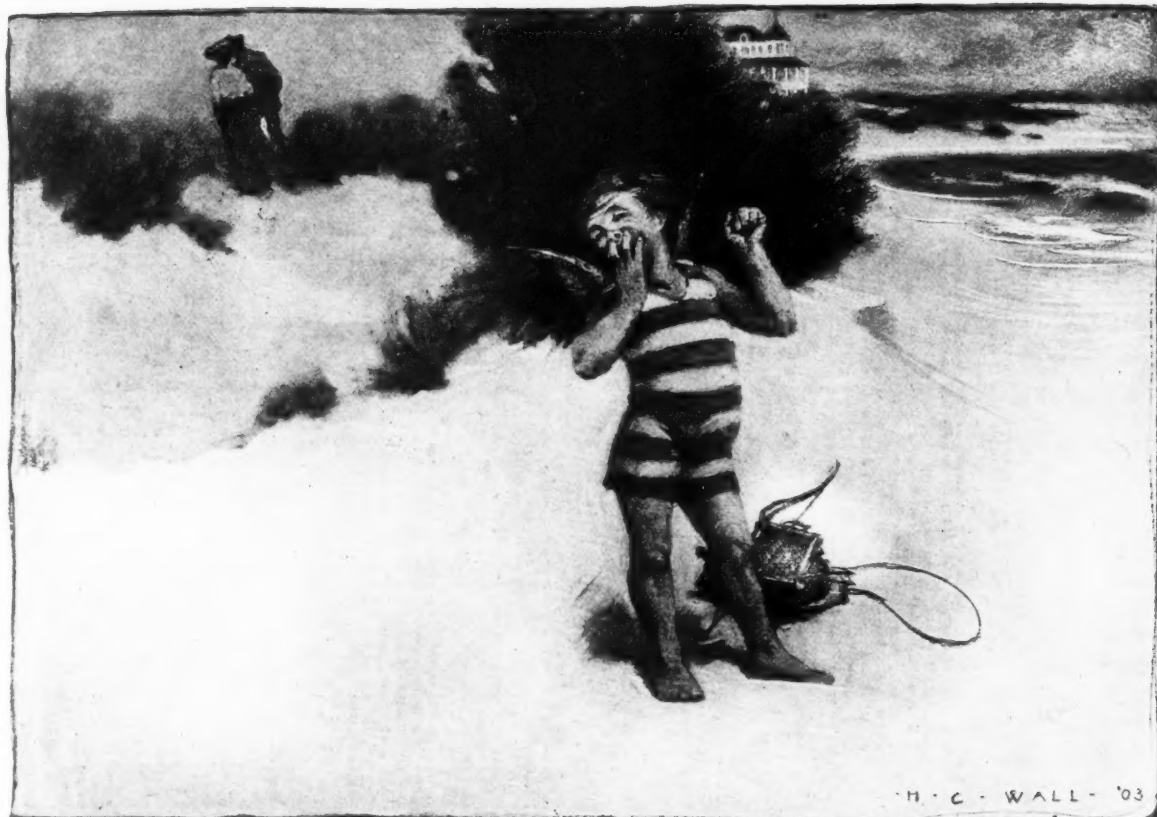
LOOKED at as a study in British middle-class domestic life, "The Man from Blankley's" is a very clever piece of work. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is "the man"—really a nobleman, who has by mistake found his way into a household where was expected a fourteenth guest, to be supplied on short notice by a department store in the regular way of business. As a play there is practically nothing to the entertainment, and the American unfamiliar with British types will be likely to wonder why it was ever staged. It gives Mr. Hawtrey not much chance to shine, but we find him, as always, an actor of agreeable presence, considerable magnetism, and quite at ease in evening clothes. The dinner scene, which is the main, practically the only feature of the sketch, is Meissonier-like in its fineness of detail. Each guest and incident is a thing of joy to the student of contemporary manners.

"The Man from Blankley's" is a pretty slender two-dollars-and-a-half's-worth; but even those who have gone no nearer England than the pages of Dickens and Thackeray will find some amusing bits in it.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Academy of Music*.—Charles Warner in "Drink."
Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Japanese melodrama, sombre but attention-holding.
Bijou.—William Collier in "Personal." Frothy. The first act is amusing.
Broadway.—"A Princess of Kensington." Operetta, better musically than otherwise.
Casino.—"The Runaways." Musical comedy, with Fay Templeton as the main attraction.
Criterion.—Charles Hawtrey in "The Man from Blankley's." See above.
Daly's.—"Three Little Maids." Dainty musical comedy from London. Excellently done.
Garden.—"Ulysses." See above.
Knickbocker.—The Rogers Brothers. Vulgar and gaudy.
Madison Square.—Grace George in "Pretty Peggy." Composite drama on life of Peg Woffington. Rather interesting.
Majestic.—"The Wizard of Oz." Agreeable and funny extravaganza at fair price of admission.
Manhattan.—Last week of Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala." The Magdalen story in spectacular dramatic guise.
Murray Hill.—Edward Harrigan in "Under Cover." See above.
Princess.—"The Earl of Pawtucket." The best comedy in New York.
Savoy.—Mrs. Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." Polite comedy, fairly well done.
Wallack's.—"Peggy from Paris." Conventional musical comedy.



THE LAST JOB OF THE SEASON.

The American Idea.

THE American Idea is to be more nervous than the rest of the world and to make more money. The American Idea exists in Boston, New York, Kansas and Oyster Bay. It is composed of push, energy, restlessness and worry.

It is fed by quick lunches, heavy dinners and automobiles. With pie for breakfast the American Idea was pious, but with rum omelettes and nesselrode pudding for dinner, it is now dyspeptic.

The American Idea is of recent birth, having Russell Sage for its godfather, and being baptized in the Baptist Church. It was graduated on San Juan Hill, and received part of its education in Wall Street, part in the Senate Chamber at Washington, part in the Chicago University and part in the Philippines.

It cried aloud from its birth and can be heard for whole countries away. It is self-adver-

tising, vulgar in spots, murderous in other spots, often wears diamonds for breakfast, and flourishes on noise, wind and hot air.

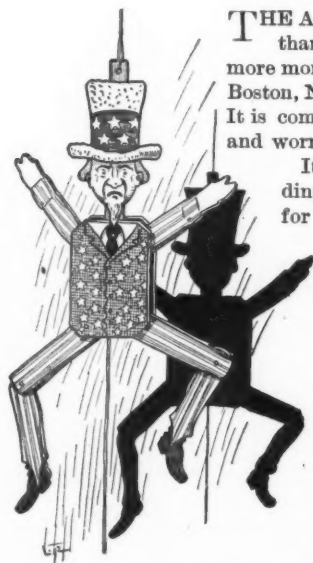
The American Idea preaches every Sunday from the pulpit, every other day in the papers, and practices what it doesn't preach every day in the week.

It assumes that the golden calf has a soul and mere man has not, and is true to its belief.

The American Idea is humorous half the time, and unhappy the other half. When it is happy it laughs at others, and when it is unhappy it laughs at itself. It is prosperous, powerful, and only hypocritical when necessary—which is most of the time.

The American Idea pays as it goes—sometimes in cash, sometimes in ginger, and sometimes in good red blood. It is no respecter of persons. It likes to be fooled, when it can do its own toadying, but too much toadying is the wrong medicine for the American Idea. It is apt to be too tragic, because too young. It glories in its own strength, and knows more than a college graduate. It is excitable and stable, scientific and flashy, lavish and penurious, unjust and overjust.

In fact, the American Idea has all the defects of its qualities.





INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL.
PAN-AMERICAN VERSUS PAN-EUROPEAN.

Which?

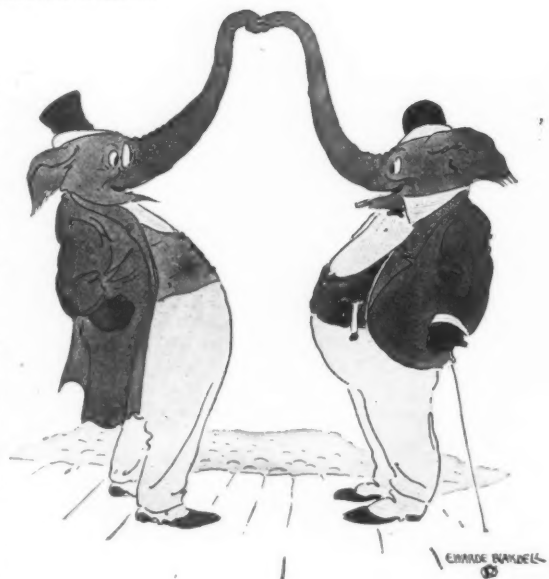
N. B.—In reading the following hard luck story, if you are a Trust Magnate, eliminate the upper lines in the brackets. If, however, you are a Champion of Labor, forget about the lower lines. If neither the one nor the other, read both versions, and then decide which makes the pleasanter reading.

Several years ago, in the town of X, there lived a small merchant who, by dint of hard work and honest dealing, managed to earn a decent livelihood. But lately the town of X has been getting all the modern improvements, and among them came the [Trusts Unions].

Immediately upon their arrival, the [Trusts Unions] announced to the good merchant the following: "By virtue of an order of the great [J. Pierpont John Mitchell], you must now pay twice the [prices wages] for half the amount of [goods work] you received formerly." But the merchant, who had a will of his own, said: "I'll be hanged if I do," to which the [Trusts Unions] replied: "You'll be hanged if you don't."

The merchant, however, found a [an independent dealer non-union man] and [bought of hired] him, but within two weeks the [Trusts Unions] had [frozen out the dealer scared off the "scab"], and the poor merchant died [of starvation by dynamite].

E. T. Z.



THE HIGH SHAKE.

"AH! THIS IS A PLEASURE, INDEED."



LANDMARKS.

He: I BEG YOUR PARDON—I-ER—DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME—BUT IF YOU HAD A RED ROSE IN YOUR DRESS WHEN YOU FIRST CAME, I-ER—THINK THIS IS OUR DANCE.

FIRST FASHIONABLE BABY: Ever see your mother?

SECOND F. B.: Yes, at the baby show.

INDIFFERENCE in the girl one loves is never balanced by lack of it in the girl one doesn't love.

The Voice of Experience.

"PARDON me," said the stranger to the lecturer of the evening, "but would you mind explaining to me what you meant when you so often referred, in your remarks, to 'the gentler sex'?"

"I referred, sir," answered the lecturer, in his most sentimental tones, "to woman. Ah, sir, can it be that the simile was lost upon you? If you are a married man—if you have taken unto your bosom one of these fair, fragile flowers of the garden of life—then you surely realize the utterly precious thought embodied in the words 'the gentler sex.'"

"You may be right, sir," responded the stranger. "It may be gentler as a sex, but I might have disputed you had you spoken of the sextette."

After the stranger departed, it was whispered about that he was the gentleman from Utah who had come into prominence by the discovery that he possessed six wives.

Qualified Acquiescence.

"WELL, I see that Bunting is here bright and early this morning," said the junior partner, looking around the counting house.

"Well, at all events he's here early," was the privileged bookkeeper's modification.



THE WRONG SIZE.

Auntie Giraffe: PSHAW! AND I BOUGHT THIS ESPECIALLY TO STEAM OUT A SORE THROAT.

· LIFE ·



GERMICIDE.

[Dr. Heneage Gibbes, the bacteriologist and pathologist, of Detroit, announces that alcohol is sure death to infusorial organisms and bacilli.]

When the microbe diabolic in your system tries to frolic, filling you with grippe and colic, or the pangs of rheumatiz,

When the microscopic pirate in your insides tries to gyrate, you may calm his feelings irate, you may check him in his biz.

When the fussy old bacilli make you feverish or chilly, you can knock it silly, if you only know the ropes.

You can stop his wicked wiggle and his nerve-destroying wriggle; at his sorry fate you'll giggle when you blast his rising hopes.

Be he germ or protoplasm, you can throw him in a spasm, make him think he surely has'm, give him something like a jar.

Be he big or moleculish, you can check his manner mulish; you can make him know it's foolish to come rambling where you are.

If when he attacks at first he then discovers you are thirsty, he will fear to do his worst, he will be sorry he essayed

To give you appendicitis, mumps, or spinal meningitis—not a germ will dare to bite us if this doctor is obeyed.

For the julep, bland and minty, makes the germ go like McGinty, gives him an impressive hint he cannot longer linger here,

And the bourbon, rye, or brandy—either one that is most handy—makes the microbe understand he can no more fill us with fear.

So from now on drop the acid, that but makes the microbe flaccid and leaves him serenely placid, or some word to that effect,

And fill up with joyful juices, with the drink that cheer induces—there's the best of all excuses: You but try to disinfect.

—Chicago Tribune.

A PAIR of frightened horses were dashing madly down the street. The coachman was sawing at the reins, and the carriage was swaying from side to side in a dangerous fashion. The occupants of the vehicle, an elderly woman, noted for her extreme parsimoniousness, and her pretty niece gave no outward signs of fear; but just as the horses came to a standstill, the younger woman unexpectedly fainted.

"I wasn't frightened a bit," she explained afterward, "until, just as we rounded that last corner with three wheels in the air, Aunt Caroline exclaimed, 'I'd give a dollar to be out of this!' I knew the case must be serious if Aunt Caroline was beginning to risk dollars in that fashion."—*Youth's Companion*.

A YOUNG San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to the late James McNeill Whistler politely request-

ing his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal Academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months, the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead-letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times: "Unknown," "Unknown."—*Argonaut*.

THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy;
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

—Boston Transcript.

THOMAS DIXON, JR., is the author of "The Only Woman," a book from which the following quotation is taken: "Across the huge oak mantel he had carved the sentence: 'I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened.'"—*Saturday Evening Herald*.

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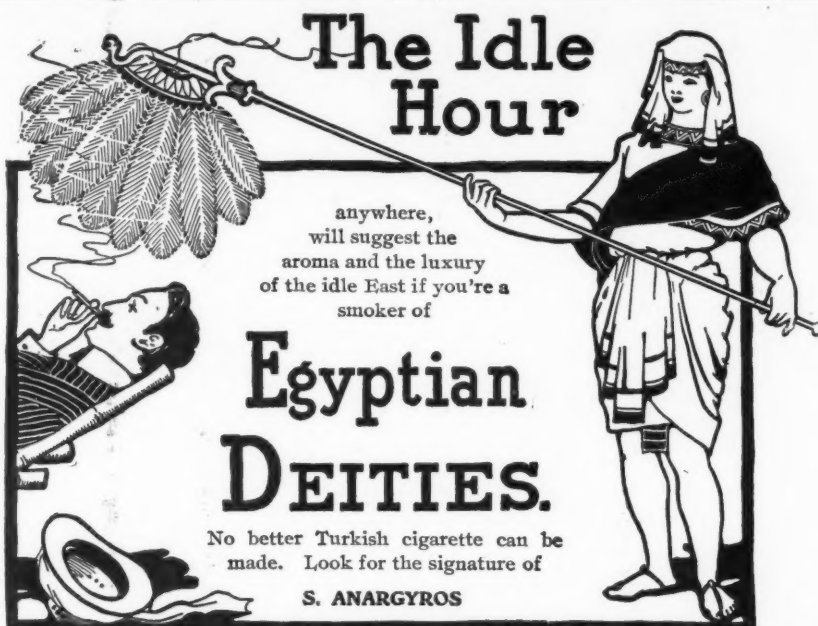
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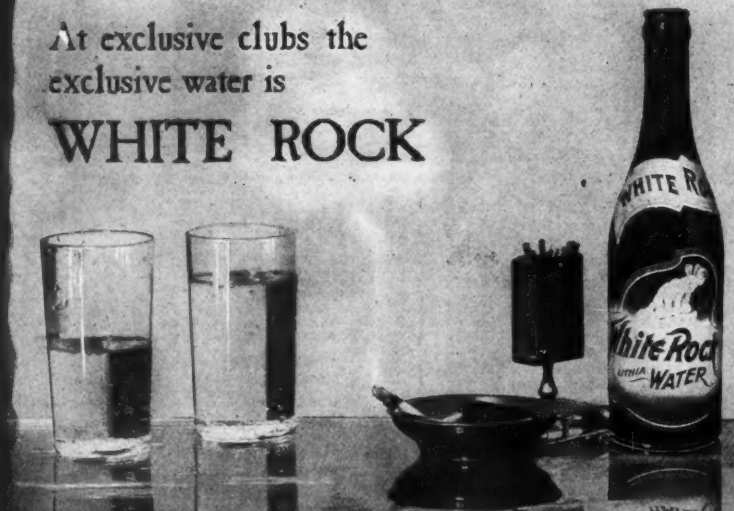
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VISITOR: You haven't got half as nice a cemetery here as we have in Elmville.

PROMINENT CITIZEN (of *Haurville*): No, I've always heard that the cemetery is the only part of your town that holds out any inducements for permanent residents.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MR. JONES: That young Snodgrass seems like one of the family.

HIS ONLY DAUGHTER: How so, papa?

"Why, he looks scared when your mother's anywhere near."—*Exchange.*

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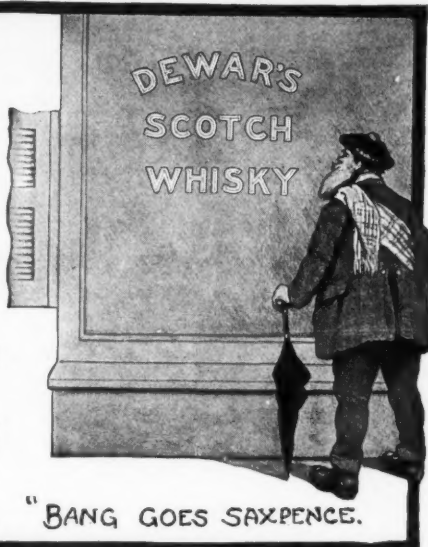
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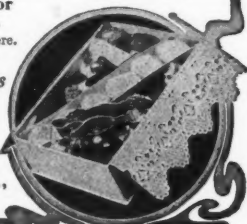
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The Present State of Literature.

CARLYLE once made an "Inquiry into the State of German Literature," and others have investigated the state of letters in other lands. As it is not essential to be bilious, nor prerequisite to be alien, an inquiry into the state of polite and other literature in America is in order. That it may be well done, and not half-baked, I do it myself, for, though modest, I am Literary and Authoritative, if not well read; almost shrinking enough for a reviewer.

Literature is in a bad way; it has no friends except mercenary publishers and impecunious writers; even critics, who know literature when it bites them, speak harshly of it. Literature has been going down hill for years; it has now been stranded in the department stores, where Shakespeare and Laura Jean Libbey battle for recognition with Indiana poets and Battle Creek breakfast foods. Poetry, which is viewed with alarm by alienists, is a goner. When the twenty-five-cent *table d'hôte* was strangled by the Beef Trust, the Poets' Union succumbed; and to-day poets are not raised except in captivity and suburban Boston. History has been decaying since it became wedded to that robust form of fiction called the New England Family History; genealogy, gossip, gush and gab have ruined it. Ida Tar Ball has dropped Napoleon and Lincoln for Kerosene and Rockefeller; we blush for Washington, Jefferson and Webster; Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold are American ideals; and only the Spanish War heroes, whose pens are mightier than their swords, are left to stagger humanity with their memoirs and amaze empires with their exploits.

The historical novel, which is seldom historical and never novel, is the only dangerous rival which Reformed Oats and Jagless Rye encounter in a free press, next to pure reading matter. All depend on robustuous inveracity for reputation and sturdy credulity for consumption; but the oats and rye have some value. The Swashbuckler novel—the cousin of the H. N.—has waned since its heroes have been translated to the stage. An imported syndicate hero in red boots, abbreviated blue breeches, green shirt waist, blonde curls, brown Arizona hat, yellow feathers and a secret society sword, is not calculated to make literature respected and popular. The Frohmanized Swashbuckler has added a new horror to the drama, another terror to literature.

Literary translations make countless thousands yawn; they lack even their native attraction—indecenty. D'Annunzio done into English is dullness and dirt; Ibsen suffers from Norse-algia; and the genius of France, Germany and Russia is Englished to congest junk stores and feed furnaces.

Plainly the Literary Outlook is alarming. R. H. Davis has quit; Bangs swings between post-mortem persiflage and historical grave robbery; Kipling has taken to golf, politics



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Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."*

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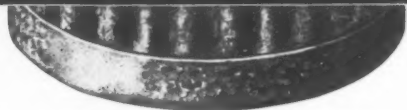
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and epithets; James is foggy in several languages; Dooley is married; Roosevelt is strenuous in everything but literature; Howells has ceased to Howell; Lochinvar has gone West again; and I am not feeling very well myself. It looks as if the reading public would have to go back to such "Has Beens" as Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Emerson, Cooper, Hawthorne and such. The republic is imperialistic and expansive in its hat and pocket; provincial and shrunken in its heart and brain; and ashamed of its youth and parentage. The idols of the Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free have been shifted to the Stock Exchanges and the Water Cure Camps.

It is as profitless to seek for a sane, healthy, robust literature in such surroundings as to look for motherhood and domesticity in a divorce court.

Joseph Smith.

A Modern Heroine.

THE Blessed Heroine leaned out
From the Modern Fiction Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than her mind,
But her tailored skirt hung even.
She had three chaplains about,
And the men in her train were seven.

Her robe was that strange sort of which
The authors always write;
Of course 'twas clinging drapery,—
Also, of course, 'twas white.
And her hair, forever tumbling down,
Like tawny gold was bright.

Her eyes were everlastingly
Filled with a vague alarm.
Her shirt-waist sleeve was rolled aloft
To show her lithe young arm.
And known as indescribable
Was her peculiar charm.

"I go," she said, "to seek the books
Where modern women be;
Who talk each morn in epigram,—
Each afternoon drink tea.
Marna, Julie, Elizabeth,
And Mrs. Wiggs and me."

She gazed and listened, and then said
(Less bad of speech than wild),
"How strong we heroines are stamped,—
How beautifully styled."
And with a Henry Jamesy air,
She largely, subtly smiled.

Carolyn Wells.

Miss Simplicity.

FRANCES: Fidella has such provincial ideas.

FRANCIS: For instance?

"She thinks that book-store clerks ought to know something about books."

A Philanthropist.

MRS. HASHE-HOWSE: Why do you put butter in your coffee, Mr. Starborde?
STARBORDE: Because, madam, I believe it is the duty of the strong to help the weak.



IF YOU have a sensitive ear and are distressed by incorrect or expressionless piano-playing, we wish you would do us a favor. Ask our nearest agent to let you play a piano with our **NEW ANGELUS**, which has the New Phrasing Lever. You will be more than repaid. Even though you never played a note of music, you will be enabled to reproduce perfectly the delicate shading and expression—the last touches of musical grace of the greatest pianists.

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Handsome booklet free upon request.

Agents everywhere.

May be heard at any of the following places.

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| Cincinnati: The W. G. Woodmansee Piano Co. | Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. |
| Cleveland: J. T. Wamelin & Son's Piano Co. | Pittsburg: S. Hamilton. |
| Denver: Knight-Locke Piano Co. | San Francisco: Sherman Clay & Co. |
| Galveston: Thos. Jorgan & Bro. | Springfield, Mass.: M. P. Conway. |
| Kansas City: Carl Hoffman Music Co. | Syracuse: S. Rosenbloom & Sons. |
| Los Angeles: The Bartlett Music Co. | Washington: Juelg & Co. |
| Minneapolis: Foster & Waldo. | And other local agencies throughout the country. |
| New Haven, Conn.: The Treat & Shephard Co., 837 Chapel St. | |
| J. Herbert Marshall, Regent House, Regent St., London. | |

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INTER-AIR-SPACE SYSTEM
Is two-fold throughout, affording protection against the vicissitudes of our variable climate to

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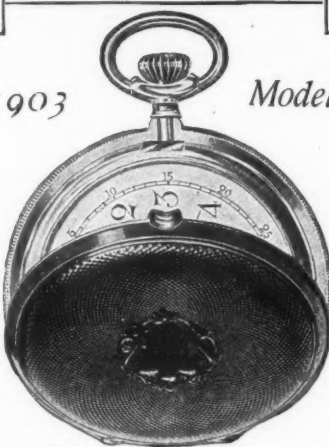
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Howard Watches have for sixty years been foremost among all high-grade movements. The new 1903 Models combine such features as make them the standard of modern watch perfection.

For Sale by Retail Jewelers.

Write for Booklet showing the movements in a variety of fine gold cases, and illustrations of the best types of monogram engraving.

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Most velvets are stretched. "Nonpareil" Velvet is never stretched. Its pile is therefore faster than that of other velvets and its wear guaranteed. The name "Nonpareil" on selvedge and the dyers' name, J. & J. M. Worrall, on back of every yard.

Mary Manning writes: "The Nonpareil Velvet is unequalled and far superior to any other fabric of the kind. It is beautiful in color and texture and makes a very handsome gown."

"Nonpareil" Velvet awarded First Gold Medals at Paris, London and Amsterdam Exhibitions.

ALL COLORS AT FIRST-CLASS STORES.



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Deerfield Water is dainty, delicious and sparkling, healthful and invigorating.

A Deerfield highball has that smooth quality always enjoyed.

"YOU REMEMBER THE TASTE."

Write for Booklet.

THE DEERFIELD WATER CO.,
Deerfield, Ohio.

The One Thing Needful.

IT is evident that Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for "vigorous, rough, athletic sports" is shared by the women of England. Mr. du Maurier sounded the advance note of progress some years ago when he showed us a proud mother assuring a frightened little scrap of a suitor that every one of her four splendid daughters could knock their father down.

To-day a brief perusal of the advertisements of English girls' schools in the *Spectator* will leave no doubt as to the athletic character of their proffered education. "Great attention paid to outdoor exercise and sports" is the most common phrase;—no allusion being suffered to books or study. "Riding, boating, tennis, swimming, cycling, Swedish drill and hockey on sea front," which is the curriculum offered by one institution, would leave very little time for mere sedentary occupations; while tennis courts and hockey grounds are the only accommodations tendered to their patrons by any of these seats of learning.

Even the ultra-aristocratic school, recommended by peers and peeresses, or by the "Lord Bishop" of somewhere; even the evangelical school which begins its advertisement piously: "Aim: to train for Home Life, and to form character on religious basis. Motto: 'To Follow Right'"; even the progressive school which promises "Education on modern lines, with a view to encourage a hobby";—all appear convinced that fashion and piety and hobbies find their natural expression in athletics. "A playing-ground and a medical gymnastic mistress" are the especial inducements offered by one enterprising advertiser; while another, unwilling to pay for more space than is necessary, sums up the situation in a single line: "Gymnasium, hockey, and modern education,"—the order of precedence illustrating the importance of the articles served.

Perhaps American girls are being taught along these same stalwart lines. A querulous protest from some uneasy conservative, like President Hall, of Clark University, reminds us from time to time of this painful possibility. But the intimate and guileless revelations of the English advertising columns are unknown in our more wary land. There is always polite mention made in our scholastic advertisements of classics, French, mathematics, laboratories and the like. Not that we think these things as essential as athletics. Heaven forbid! But they have still some standing in the schools.

Agnes Repplier.

The Ultimate.

"THE atom of carbon, which is the nucleus from which all living things and products of vital activity are formed, is pictured as an asymmetrical tetrahedron."—*Mr. Carl Snyder's New Conceptions in Science.*

Should not, then, the hygienic corset be tetrahedral in design, as well as asymmetrical?



"99% of Camera Value is in the Lens"

If Your Eyes

are defective you cannot see clearly; you do not get a perfect image. The lens is the eye of the camera; if you do not have a perfect lens, you cannot make a perfect picture.

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is recognized by leading photographers and experts as the finest lens in the world. Your dealer will fit a Goerz Lens to your camera if told to do so. Write for NEW DESCRIPTIVE catalogue.


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• LIFE •

Behind the Literary Scenes.

(Supposed Letter from Publisher to Author.)

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My Dear Mr. Treasure Trove:

After but one glance at the manuscript you were good enough to submit to us yesterday, I felt reasonably sure that we had something unusual with which to deal. A careful personal reading has convinced me completely that you have given us the historical novel of the week. Permit us to accept "Lord Leathern Lumphead" at once, quite as it stands, and to hope that you will consider favorably our proposition for rushing from the presses at once a big first edition of the book. The title in itself cannot fail of making a great hit.

As to royalties, etc., we shall leave you to make your own terms. A book such as yours is worth a whole year's business to us.

Cordially yours,

J. BIG BLUFF,

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(The Real Thing from Publisher to Author.)

PUFF, BLUFF AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

MR. UNKNOWN AUTHOR:

Dear Sir:

Mr. Read 'Em Through assures us that in "Lord Leathern Lumphead," a manuscript you left with us, we believe, some six months ago, we have a book that bids fair to be pleasant enough companion to a steamer rug. Before we could undertake to bring out the

manuscript in book form, however, it must be cut fully one-third and provided with a happy ending. Let us add in this respect that nothing but the happy ending is nowadays popular and salable. Although you urge, we understand, that the tragic ending is more artistic, as well as more true to history, you must remember that our policy, in common with that of every other large publishing house, is not art for art's sake, but cash without art. In other words, we must have a hot seller. That is what we say to our entire staff of popular authors of the day.

If you should decide to conform to our regular rule for the popular historical novel, we shall be glad to place you in communication with Mr. Put 'Em Through regarding contract, royalties, etc.

Yours very truly,

PUFF, BLUFF & COMPANY.

(Strictly Personal Letter from Author to Old Chum.)

Dear Old Bob:—You'll be glad to know, I'm sure, that I've worked off that historical horror I wrote some three years ago in college on Puff, Bluff & Company. All they held out for was a happy ending. Fortunately enough, I still had pigeon-holed that happy ending Large Profits & Company wanted and then flung back on me while I was signing the contract.

Of course the thing is beastly rot, but 'tis a good advertisement to be brought out by

Puff, Bluff & Company, and I'm not in the "popular author" business for my health.

And by the way, old man, they've offered me bigger royalties than I could possibly expect to get elsewhere. I'm telling you this as a straight tip on the literary races. You can safely bet that anything you have salted down in the "rejected manuscript" barrel is good enough for Puff, Bluff & Company. Try them with something soon. "Lord Leathern Lumphead" will be out next week.

Yours always,

TOM.

Mabel Warren Sanford.

MAY: Did Clara's husband leave her much when he died?

BELLE: He left enough to make her comfortable, but not enough to get her a second husband.

JASPAR: Jones once played a practical joke on Smith.

JUMPUPPE: Was it a success?

"I should say it was. Why, they haven't spoken since."

THE lover is an astronomer who has discovered a new planet.

A LADY who pined for a kodak Walked all the way eastward from So. Dak.,

But when she got here,
The things were so dear,
There was nothing to do but to go bak.

Hendrik Van Duzer.

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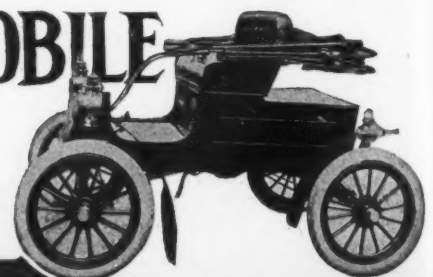
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Manufactured by FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne, o/R, Germany.

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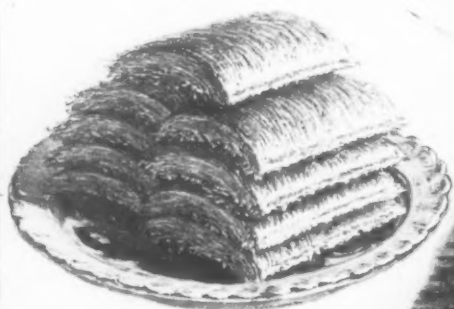
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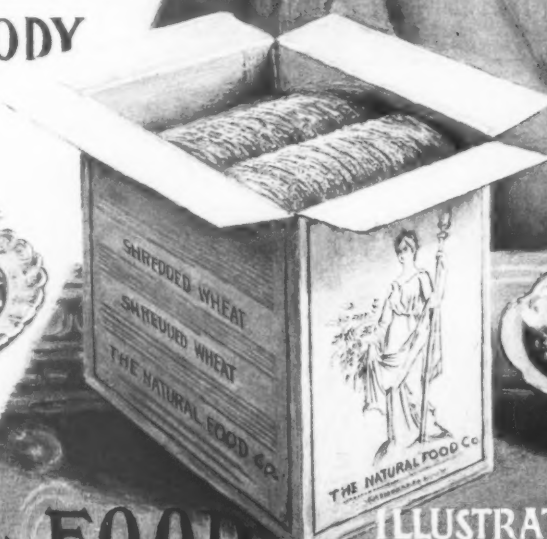
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